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To J. W. Williams will settle with John  
Curtis for my clothes, without waiting for his bill.  
I have called but once upon Julia, but saw  
her at the window yesterday, and got a reception.  
My love and thanks to dear Charlotte Coffin!

Providence, Aug. 8, 1874.

Dear Wife - Yours and Fanny's joint  
letter was duly received this morning, bringing  
me favorable intelligence as to your health,  
which I earnestly hope will still continue to  
improve. Be careful about taking cold.

I wrote to you yesterday morning, giving  
you an account of my doings up to that time.  
Indeed, I have sent you a letter almost daily  
since I left home, though left in doubt as to  
their having been received by you.

I have seldom passed a more agreeable  
day than yesterday. At 10 o'clock bro. Henry A.  
took sister Charlotte, Anne Townsend and myself  
in a carryall to Weyatt, nine miles from  
the city, and a more delightful drive or finer  
weather could not have been desired. The rain  
of the previous night had effectually laid the  
dust, the roads were in excellent condition, a  
balmy Southern breeze was wafted to us all the



way, and the most charming land and water views presented themselves as we drove along—enabling me to select a hundred different sites for residences, which, sooner or later, will be erected for permanent occupancy, opening the most picturesque vistas to their proprietors. In fact, the suburbs of Providence, though utterly lacking in high elevations like those of Roxbury and Brookline, are so attractive with the aid of rivers and bay as to excite the most pleasurable emotions. Our ride of an hour and a half gave me an exhilaration of spirit I had not felt since I left home, notwithstanding my severe rheumatic pains. Mr. Fillingham's location at Nayatt is almost directly opposite Rocky Point, embraces some twenty acres (including an apple orchard), and commands a very extensive view of Narragansett Bay, the town of Warren being only two miles distant. There are several elegant residences near by, either or all of which I would cheerfully accept as a gift, and which are still better located for seeing.



Miss Tillinghast gave me a very kind reception, as did Sarah, and I amused myself in reading, looking at photographs, using the spy-glass to bring remote objects near, especially the numerous sailing vessels, and sitting down at the beach (a much longer <sup>one</sup> than that at Newport), watching the waves as they tumultuously dashed upon the shore. We had a nice clam chowder (among other things) for dinner, and a huge watermelon, as ripe as it was huge, that bro. Henry carried down in a basket. Mr. Tillinghast came from the city in season to take tea with us; after which we had a pleasant ride home, arriving at 8 o'clock. At 9 Dr. Dow used his electric battery upon my knees and spine for some time; but I had the worst night I have yet had, and could get no sleep whatever, in consequence of my pains; hence I am feeling anything but bright to-day. Perhaps something is due to a heavy rain-storm which commenced last night, and which continues to this present time, — 3 P. M., — with some abatement. At 4 o'clock I am to have another Turkish bath.



I confess to cherishing little hope of bettering my condition here, though Dr. Dow is sanguine that he can cure me. Thus far his expectations and predictions have not been realized; on the contrary, locomotion is more painful and my knees are more stiff than when I came. If I could perceive the slightest change for the better, I should take courage. Perhaps no cure can be found, and my fate may be to be more or less crippled to the end of my days. But I begin seriously to query, whether electricity and the Turkish bath are adapted to my present case, any more than they were when I tried them for my supposed eczema. But I will give them a fair trial.

As I now know where to get the Boston daily papers, Frank need not trouble himself to send me any. I got his note, enclosing Dr. Grandin's letter.

Harry will soon be at Rockledge, it seems, evidently none the worse for his long journey. As he is not given to rhapsody, Oregon must be a wonderful section of our country. He could not reasonably have expected Fanny to join him at Chicago. Love to all.

Your own W. L. F.